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The Chief's Daughter





**The
Chief's Daughter**

A Legend
of Niagara
By
PAUL CARUS

With
Illustrations
By
E. BIEDERMANN



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CONTENTS.

	PAGE
The Oniahgahrah Indians	I
The Palefaced Strangers	8
The Missionary	14
The Religion of Sacrifice	21
The Anxiety of Doubt	28
The Ways of Revelation	31
The Priestess	40
Faithful unto Death	45
The Tuscarora Indians	51

PLATES AND ILLUSTRATIONS.

	PAGE
Lelawala. Frontispiece.	
Niagara Falls	2
The Ruler of the Cataract	5
The Trading Station of Chevalier de La Salle	8
Father Hennepin	11
Visiting the Chief and His Daughter . .	14
Listening to the Story of Jesus of Nazareth	17
Answering the Missionary's Arguments .	22
The Hour of Parting	30
On the Bluffs of Cayuga	38
The Procession	41
The Priestess	43
Faithful unto Death	48

THE ONIAHGAHRAH INDIANS.



NIAHGAHRAH,
the thundering waters,
was a sight as fascina-

ting and sublime hundreds of years ago to the Indians who lived there as it is now to the white man.

The Oniahgahrah Indians, a small tribe belonging to the Ongiahrahs, dwelt upon the left shore of the river. They were a peaceful people and rarely participated in the sanguinary feuds of their warlike neighbors. The Hurons and the Iroquois, the Onondagas, the

Oneidas, and the other surrounding tribes were constantly at strife with one another; but all avoided provoking or offending the Oniahgahrahs, for the Oniahgahrahs were a people beloved by the Great Spirit.

The Oniahgahrahs, although a small tribe, were not weak; their men were tall and sinewy, their women were strong of heart, and even their children were not afraid to die a warrior's death. Their chief was elected by the squaws of the tribe, and his title was Ruler of the Cataract. The squaws always chose the man who appeared to them the most manly, the wisest, and the most just. It often happened that messengers came to the Oniahgahrahs to ask their chief's advice in cases of grave importance or to settle disputes between hostile nations.



In obedience to an old oracle once given during a time of fearful famine, the Oniahgahrahs were wont to sacrifice annually in the thundering waters the fairest and purest virgin of their tribe. This sacrifice was not regarded as a sad or mournful event; on the contrary, although the irresistible descent from the crest of the cataract into the deep gorge, foaming and seething in an eternal tempest, was awful and appalling, the honor of being chosen as the heroine of the festival was greatly coveted by the young maidens. She who was singled out to be offered to the Great Spirit, had to rise in the assembly of the people and to avow with a clear voice that she unhesitatingly, voluntarily, and gladly accepted the honor as a holy duty. Clad in white robes she acted as the priestess

of the feast, lifting up her hands in prayer, in thanks, and in blessings. Then she had to enter a white canoe decked with flowers and choice fruits, and while she was swiftly gliding down the stream upon the wild rapids of the river her lot was envied rather than bewailed by her sisters who stood on the shore waving their hands and chanting a sacred song to the Great Spirit whose voice is heard in the thundering waters.

The Ruler of the Cataract was regarded as a prophet endowed with supernatural wisdom; for not one of the Indians doubted that when he sat in the gorge listening to the overwhelming roar of the thundering waters, he understood the very words which the Great Spirit uttered in response to the questions that weighed on his heart.

The last chief who bore the title

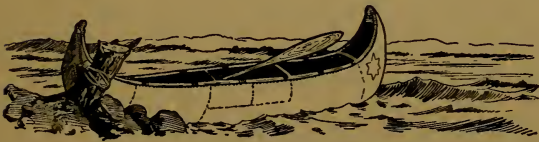


Ruler of the Cataract was Eagle Eye, a noble-looking man of imposing figure,

wise, benevolent, and large-hearted, much beloved by his own people and greatly renowned among the other tribes of the great family of Indian nations.

We children of the twentieth century think that the annual sacrifice of a maiden was the act of a barbarous age, but we should probably have judged otherwise, had we lived in the time, and been familiar with the ideas, of the Indians who inhabited the country. The heroic death of a virgin whose beauty entitled her to dream of the happiest future in this life, was the strongest proof of the valor of the Oniahgahrahs. It was said that so long as the maidens of the tribe showed an eagerness to be esteemed worthy of this awe-inspiring distinction, the name of the Oniahgahrahs would be respected

and honored among all the other nations; and there was perhaps a deep truth in the traditional prophecy, that the tribe, although small, would prosper so long as the sacrifice was maintained, but that when a virgin could no longer be found who would unhesitatingly, voluntarily, and gladly accept the great honor of dying in the thundering waters, the tribe would lose the regard of the gods as well as of the nations among which they lived, would undergo unspeakable calamities, famines, disastrous wars, and other dreadful suffering, and would rapidly pass out of existence.



THE PALEFACED STRANGERS.



IT was toward the end of the seventeenth century when the white man first set eyes on the cataract of the thundering waters. Chevalier Robert de La Salle, the French pioneer, came with his companions up the St. Lawrence river, and was received with hospitality by the Oniahgahrahs.

A trading-station was built for the French merchants that followed in the wake of La Salle's expedition. They unpacked their goods, and a lively traffic with the Indians of the neighborhood was at once established.

The chivalrous French commander,



anxious to gain the confidence of the famous chief of the Oniahgahrahs, invited Eagle Eye to visit the settlement; and Eagle Eye was glad to see the place and to converse with the pale-faced traders, that he might learn their ways and profit by their wisdom.

Greatly was the intellectual horizon of the simple-minded Indian widened by this friendly contact with the foreigners who had come from an unknown country that lay far, far away toward the sunrise, beyond the watery waste of the mighty ocean! How odd their dress, how pale their complexion, how powerful their weapons, how peculiar their language, how strange their manners, and what could the Indians not learn from them! They were so marvellously adroit in all kinds of handicraft, and could make better iron

tools than the wisest artificers among the natives.

It was a new world that opened before the mental vision of the chief. What great opportunities offered themselves here, yet what a tremendous change would at the same time be naturally wrought in the life of the red man by the influx of all these innovations! Eagle Eye's head began to swim at the thought of how different conditions would be, and of how greatly his people and himself would be changed in the transformation. Yet he felt no fear nor apprehension, for he was brave and believed that whatever would lift mankind higher should be welcomed, even though it would abolish many of the traditions that had been sacred to him and his fathers.

In the party of the Chevalier de

La Salle there was a missionary, a French priest, who was called Father Hennepin, a benevolent, kind-hearted



man, who loved the Indians and burned with the desire to preach them the Gospel. When he met Eagle Eye, he

sounded him at once as to his religious convictions and asked him whether the Indians knew anything of God, the Creator and Ruler of the Universe. "Indeed we know him," replied the chief; "we call him the Great Spirit, and he is nearer to us than to the rest of mankind. Though he is everywhere, he speaks to us in the deafening din of the thundering waters. The Oniahgahrahs are his chosen people, blessed and beloved above all the nations of the earth, and we show him our gratitude by annually sacrificing to him the purest and most beautiful maiden of our tribe."

The missionary was horror-stricken. Was it possible that this noble-looking man could be so savage as to believe in human sacrifices? A shudder ran through his frame, and having gazed

searchingly for a while into the deep brown eyes of the Indian, he said: "I shall visit you and your tribe in your wigwams at the thundering waters, and will tell you of the sacrificial death of Jesus of Nazareth, who is the only begotten son of God, the Great Spirit, the Creator and Lord of the Universe."

The Ruler of the Cataract courteously bowed his assent to the priest, and said: "You are most welcome, venerable man, and we shall be glad to listen to the words of your mouth."



THE MISSIONARY.



WHILE the white strangers, eager to explore the country that stretched still farther west, were building a ship on the right bank of the river, in Cayuga Creek, about five miles above the falls, Father Hennepin frequently crossed the river in a boat and visited the Ruler of the Cataract. The French priest had a fair knowledge of the language of the Indians, and was much liked by those who knew the kindness of his heart. Once he sat upon the skin of a black bear in the wigwam of Eagle Eye, the chieftain of the Oniahgahrahs, and smoked with him the pipe



of peace. Lelawala, the chief's beautiful daughter, stood before him, and he could not help looking upon her with admiration and astonishment, as she spoke of the sweet hope of being chosen priestess of the sacred rites and of riding in the white canoe over the brink of the precipice into the thundering waters. Her eyes beamed weirdly with holy enthusiasm and fervid readiness to give up her life to the Great Spirit for the benefit of her people.

“O great Eagle Eye,” exclaimed Father Hennepin, “you are famous for your wisdom among the chiefs of the Ongiahras. Your wife died when she gave birth to Lelawala, and this your only daughter will be the comfort of your old age! And now you are to suffer her to die for a mere superstition?”

The chief looked with fatherly pride upon the lovely figure of Lelawala. He said slowly but with emphasis: "Eagle Eye is proud of his daughter. No maiden is better fitted to be priestess than she. The Great Spirit will receive her in the happy hunting grounds with more grace and higher honors than ever before greeted mortal man after death."

"Eagle Eye," replied Father Hennepin, "you are unenlightened, and in your heathen ignorance you are about to commit a terrible crime. Your worship of the Great Spirit is barbarous, your customs are cruel and inhuman. Let me teach you a higher religion and you will learn a better way of honoring the Great Spirit."

Father Hennepin now began to instruct the chief and his fair daughter in

the mysteries of Christianity: "The Great Spirit," said he, "sent us his only son, Jesus Christ, who, although of royal birth, lived poor among us and taught us the will of his divine



father. He was persecuted by the wicked, but he remained faithful to his mission of preaching the salvation of mankind. His enemies at last prevailed over him and he suffered a cruel death on the cross for our sake, but his

disciples preached the Gospel which he had revealed to them; and the kingdom of God is now spreading all over the earth. Christ's religion is a religion of love, and Christ redeems us from all evil. The Great Spirit is a God of life, not of death; he desires mercy and not sacrifice; a bruised reed shall he not break and a smoking flax shall he not quench."

The missionary grew eloquent, for he spoke to attentive ears. The chief and his daughter eagerly listened to him as he related the simple story of the eventful life of Jesus of Nazareth. They asked it of the white stranger again and again until they were familiar with all the details of Christ's tragic death on Golgotha.

When Father Hennepin felt that he had made a deep impression upon their

minds, he asked the chief of the Oniah-gahrahs, whether he would be ready to embrace Christianity. "Yes," was Eagle Eye's prompt reply. "I accept the religion of Christ and shall be pleased to receive the holy baptism together with Lelawala on the great day when she shall pass through the thundering waters to greet the Great Spirit and bring down upon our tribe his mercy and his blessings."

"You do not understand Christ's religion," rejoined Father Hennepin, "if you continue in your pagan way of sacrificing human beings. Do you not see that it is a crime to murder your daughter?"

"Sacrifice is no murder," retorted Eagle Eye sternly. "Your own words bear witness against you. Christ, you say, has set us an example. He suf-

ferred himself to be sacrificed for mankind. We are doing the same. Lelawala is my only child, so Jesus the Christ was the Great Spirit's only begotten son. Why do you say that Christ's sacrifice is great and holy and praiseworthy, while our sacrifices are evil and barbarous and superstitious. Our custom is a holy tradition; we simply obey the command of the Great Spirit and we know that so long as our obedience continues, his blessing will be upon us and upon our children."



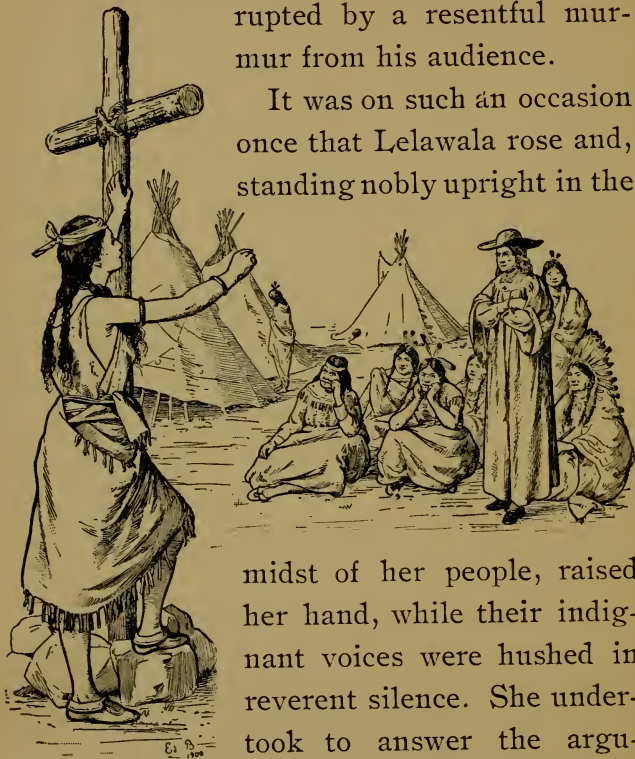
THE RELIGION OF SACRIFICE.



FATHER Hennepin's visits were frequent among the Oniahgahrahs, for never had he better disciples in the truths of religion. Lelawala especially never tired of listening to Bible stories, and she very soon knew by heart many of the most beautiful sentences of the scriptures. No wonder that the white stranger often stayed several days and found not only the chief and his daughter but all the people of the tribe ready to listen to his instructions. But whenever he denounced the old custom of sacrificing a young virgin to the Great Spirit in

the thundering waters, he was interrupted by a resentful murmur from his audience.

It was on such an occasion once that Lelawala rose and, standing nobly upright in the



midst of her people, raised her hand, while their indignant voices were hushed in reverent silence. She undertook to answer the arguments of the white stranger, and her words were like the speech of one that

has authority: "Your story of the Crucified," said Lelawala, "is sublime. I see Christ, of whom you speak as the son of God, before me. I see the bleeding wound in his breast, I see the pierced hands and feet, and he looks upon me with a sweet kindness that makes me tremble with joy. Now listen, white stranger! Seeing the Crucified before me face to face, I asked him whether or not it was our duty to be obedient to the sacred traditions of our tribe, and I still hear his gentle voice ringing in mine ears. Will you know his answer? He says, 'The same Great Spirit who demanded the sacrifice of me, demands it of you. Should the choice of your people fall upon you, then take up your cross and follow me.' "

The Oniahgahrahs cheered enthusi-

astically and Father Hennepin himself was overwhelmed with the power of her words. There she stood, the chief's proud daughter with her long dark tresses, her posture indicating self-possession and dignity, and her eyes glancing commandingly over the audience. There she stood like a saint of the church, a prophetess of the religion of self-surrender and sacrifice. All eyes were turned upon her, and she continued solemnly:

“Know, stranger, that we all live by sacrifice. The warrior who falls in battle dies for the tribe; the worker in the fields who endures hunger, thirst, and fatigue, suffers and toils that others may live. The mother nurses her children with the milk of her own breast, and it is life of her life that the babe sucks. Do not tell us that Jesus the

Christ has done all for us and that we need no longer offer sacrifices to the Great Spirit; for not only we, the Oniahgahrahs, live by sacrifice but all mankind also. Happy the men and the women who are chosen to be priests of the Great Spirit, to offer either the strength of their muscles, or the power of their minds, or their very lives, as sacrifices for their fellow-beings. For none of us liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself. So let us live and die to Him who is the breath in our breasts, and the spirit in our souls. Nor let us shrink from sacrifice, be it ever so great!"

Father Hennepin waited a moment in silence to collect his thoughts, and in his soul he prayed secretly: Give, O my God, into my heart the right words so that I may answer her and

convince her of her errors. Then he replied: "Fair Lelawala! Your words are powerful, because they are the utterances of a noble mind. But you are mistaken! Open your ears and listen to reason. Can you not see that your sacrifices are more than useless, that the very noblest souls of your people, those whose lives would otherwise richly adorn the human race and bless mankind with the choicest services, are thus almost as in wantonness flung to waste? Offer not your death but your life. Live for mankind, for your people, for a husband whom you may choose from the bravest of the youths of your tribe.—You shake your head! —If you object to worldly love, live for a holier cause, live for the religion of the Crucified whose teachings you have hitherto but imperfectly grasped."

“Your words are in vain, white man,” the maiden said, “you forget that death does not end all, and I feel darkly that even you have not yet compassed the full meaning of the lesson taught by the Crucified. Future generations will understand it better than we do. You call my sacrifice useless; but why not Christ’s also? No one was immediately benefited by his death. But he set an example to mankind; and so let me set an example to my people, lest our neighbors sneer at us saying: The strength of the Oniah-gahrahs is gone; there is none among them who dares face death. They live on the banks of the holy river out of whose waters the Great Spirit speaks with a voice of thunder, but they have grown cowards and shrink from his countenance.”

THE ANXIETY OF DOUBT.



LA SALLE and his men had finished the ship upon which they intended to pursue their westward journey. She was a strong boat of sixty tons, named "The Griffin," and Father Hennepin was called back to join his party.

Before Father Hennepin left, he had a long conversation with the chief and his daughter. He applied all arguments to convince them that sacrifices of life belonged to ages gone by, and that a new era had dawned upon mankind. "Believe in the new dispensation; and your pagan ceremonies will

develop into a religion of pure truth. The truth which you see now as through a glass darkly, you will then see clearly face to face.’’

Father Hennepin did not convince either Eagle Eye or his daughter, but his words fell like good seed upon good ground, for both began to ponder over his words. They began to grow doubtful whether in truth the Great Spirit demanded such a terrible sacrifice of his children. Father Hennepin laid his hands upon Lelawala's head and said: “Good-bye. May the Great Spirit show you the right way; and you, dear child, act as your duty demands, even should it be against the opinion of your father and of the whole tribe; even should they despise and vilify you because you dare to abandon the evil ways of paganism. Rather be

a martyr struggling for the truth than die a victim upon the altar of superstition."

While he spoke she sank upon her knees and wept bitterly. "Your words are kind," she sobbed, "they are sweet like honey: but are they not the words of the tempter? You show me a way strewn with flowers and pleasant to walk in, yet Christ said: 'Strait is the gate, and narrow is the way which leadeth unto life.' I am struggling to recognise the truth. Pray for me that the Great Spirit show me the right way."

"I do pray for you," added Father Hennepin gently, "for I love you dearly with a father's love. God's most sacred blessings upon your head! Good-bye."



E. Biederstein
Chicago 1900

THE WAYS OF REVELATION.



HE chief accompanied his white guest a few miles up stream to a place where the current is gentle enough to allow a canoe to cross the river. There he rowed Father Hennepin over to Cayuga creek. The two men shook hands and looked each other straight in the eye. "White stranger," said Eagle Eye, "you have greatly disturbed the peace of my soul. Was it right to take away from us a faith in which we were happy? I should have seen my daughter die and would have felt proud of the brave girl. But alas! I can do so no more. Tears rush

to my eyes when I think of that horrible death in the cold waves of the thundering waters. You have made me weak, and I cry like a child."

"What you call weakness is the budding of wisdom," replied Father Hennepin. "I do not want you to be weak; be strong and suffer no longer the continuation of this cruel custom."

"I mean to be strong, Father," replied Eagle Eye, and his stern face proved the truth of his words.

The Christian priest pleaded: "Break the fetters of your ancient superstition. Look but into your soul and hearken to the still, small voice of your conscience. The Great Spirit is speaking to you in the depths of your heart and appealing to your love for your daughter, to all that is humane in your mind, to your better self. In our conscience

the Great Spirit speaks to us and points out the path of duty."

"My conscience," replied the chief with calm composure, "bids me not to be a coward, but to obey the Great Spirit. It is my duty as the ruler of our tribe to preserve the sacred tradition of the Oniahgahrahs, and to keep my people in faithful obedience to the holy ordinance of the Great Spirit. Since you came I am a changed man. You have made my heart soft, and my conscience is growing weak. Shall I be the first to turn my back upon the faith of our fathers?"

"But the Great Spirit," rejoined Father Hennepin commandingly, "does not want your sacrifice."

The Indian was not influenced by the authoritative manner in which the priest spoke. He shook his head and

retorted: "The Great Spirit spoke to our fathers and bade them observe the annual sacrifice."

"If it was truly the Great Spirit who commanded the sacrifice," insisted the missionary, "I come to you with better instructions. The Great Spirit speaks now to you through me; I come to you as his special messenger to proclaim to you the dispensation of the new covenant."

The chief lifted his head, indicating the assurance he had of his own sacred office as Ruler of the Cataract, and said: "Father, you are a holy man, but the Great Spirit did not speak to you alone. When I sat musing in the gorge, where the thundering waters come rushing down from their rocky ledge, my soul all intent on the dire problem that faces me, I hearkened to

the voice of the Great Spirit, and in the roar of the cataract I heard these words echoing through mine ears in solemn majesty :

“I am the same fore’er and aye,
The same I am to you to-day
That to your sires I was of yore.
The world may change, but I remain,
And all the laws which I ordain
Remain forevermore.’”

“Truly, God remains the same!” said the French priest, “but we learn to understand Him better, and God is good; he is more pleased with us when we live for Him than when we die for Him.”

The Indian lifted his hand as in protest. “When we die we are not dead; when we die our soul awakes in the happy hunting-grounds where we shall

appreciate His goodness far better than we do now."

The Christian missionary conceded the strength of Eagle Eye's arguments but did not give up and continued to plead for the abolition of the savage custom. He pointed out the error of misinterpreting the roar of the rushing waters in the cataract as the voice of the Great Spirit. "It is the sentiment of your own soul which you hear in your imagination. And the same is true of the ancient command. Your fathers were mistaken."

The chief objected, saying: "If our fathers were mistaken, why not yours too? If the voice of the Great Spirit in the thundering waters is an illusion, why are not the revelations of your prophets and of Jesus too illusions? Except that the Great Spirit give me

an extraordinary sign which is unmistakable, I must remain faithful to the oracle which He gave to my fathers. If he, the eternal, the immutable, wanted me to change His religious ordinance, He would speak to me face to face to make the truth known to me."

"My dear friend," argued Father Hennepin, "do not expect extraordinary signs; the revelation of the Great Spirit all around you is plain enough. Do not expect him to speak to you face to face; for he is not a man like you and me; he is spiritual, and you must seek him in the spirit, and in truth. Consult your conscience, your reason, your better judgment, if haply you might feel after him and find him. If you honestly search you will comprehend him, for he is no hidden God. Search for the truth. Through a knowl-

edge of the truth, not otherwise, will you come face to face with God."

They parted, and Father Hennepin joined the little company of French explorers. When they set sail on the Griffin on the seventh day of August in the year 1679, the chief stood on the bluff overlooking the river, and his eyes followed the course of the ship.

His heart was heavy, his soul beclouded with doubts, and he sighed: "I will gladly do the will of the Great Spirit. If he would only give me a sign and reveal to me the path of duty!"

Eagle Eye returned to his wigwam on the left bank of the river. When he saw his daughter, he greeted her kindly, but neither spoke to the other the secret thoughts that moved their hearts. Both went about gloomily. Their souls were oppressed by a bur-



den too heavy for their strength; they were deeply engaged in trying to solve a problem that seemed to pass their comprehension. But while the father became sadder and sadder from day to day, the daughter grew more and more cheerful the nearer the great festival approached.



THE PRIESTESS.



IT was a fine day in the fall of the year 1679, when under the majestic fir trees of the virgin forest a procession moved to the shore where the first line of the great breakers rises. Here the river forms a bay, called the Elbow, in which two idyllic islands are situated. The water that rushes through the Elbow is gentle in comparison with the wild rapids in the open stream. There the river is apparently alive. It feels but too well that it is preparing for the tremendous leap into the abyss below. All across its entire breadth it is full of excitement. Who

that has ever seen this grand spectacle, can deny that the river knows the destiny that awaits it and which it is anxious to fulfil? Its waters are seized with an irresistible impulse in which without any apparent cause the smooth surface suddenly changes. Mighty billows rise high with fervid expectation in bewildering tumult, tossing each other so as to present to the sight a majestic chaos of superabundant life, eagerly racing to the brink of the



precipice as if every drop were anxious to be the first at the place and to obey the laws of its being with rapturous enthusiasm.

The procession crossed the Elbow and went to the islands, which were called by the red man the Island of Giving Thanks and the Island of Sacrifice. On the former, according to the old custom, the election took place and Lelawala was unanimously chosen by the tribe. When she accepted the holy office she said with deep emotion: "I accept the honor of this holy duty unhesitatingly, voluntarily and gladly."

Did she speak the truth? Yes, for although there was a tremor in her voice which but slightly betrayed the tumult of her soul, there was no faltering, no hesitation, no fear, no sadness,



no mournful expression, no complaint. It was as if the sunshine of peace rested upon her words. Her purpose was firm, and apparently she knew that her course of action was best for herself and for her people.

What a contrast between the self-possession of the heroic maiden and the significance of her words that boded a dreadful death in the thundering waters. Exactly so the sweet colors of the rainbow appear as an emblem of the victory of spirit over matter, above the foaming froth of the tumultuous cataract. Thus the soul conquers the terrors of death and abides as an immortal presence amidst the constant change of the material universe out of which it rises in its grandeur and beauty.

FAITHFUL UNTO DEATH.



LELAWALA performed all the ceremonies in strictest obedience to the traditional custom. Then all the people went over to the Island of Sacrifice. On its outmost corner where the billows madly rush round a courageous rock that dares to stop them in their hurried course, she stood as the priestess of the Great Spirit draped in her vestments of white. She prayed for her tribe, and prayed for all mankind, blessed the folk that knelt round her and then stepped into the canoe which was tied to the shore. Holding in one hand the paddle and in

the other the end of the rope, a slight pull on which would loosen the noose that still kept the canoe tied to the shore, she said with a loud and commanding voice so as to be heard in spite of the roar of the rapids:

“Farewell, my father, and ye mothers and sisters and brothers, of my tribe. Lelawala thanks you for the honor of this glorious day. But I pray you in the name of the Great Spirit, let my sacrifice be the last one. Our old custom, although a savage one, is not wrong, but just as the grain of wheat is nobler and better than the husk in which it grows, so the truth contained in our custom is greater than our sacrifice. The right worship of the Great Spirit does not lie in obedience to old ordinances and ceremonies, but in obedience to the

truth. Do not believe blindly in traditions, be they ever so sacred and venerable, but search for the truth yourself. The truth can be known, and the truth will make you free. I have long been doubtful whether I could accept the honor of this day while rejecting the belief in the rightfulness of our ceremonies. But I did accept it, for I am convinced that it is the right course I take. I must prove to you that it is not cowardice on my part if I reject our time-honored and holy tradition. I must prove that my personal fate had naught to do with the admonition I now make. And more still! The priestess herself must proclaim the new dispensation of the Great Spirit. While dying as a sacrifice of the old faith, I charge you to

obey the will of the Great Spirit which is revealed to you in these words.”

While Lelawala spoke, she appeared to her father as a divine messenger. Every word from her tongue awakened a powerful echo in his heart. She had proclaimed the truth, she had proved herself strong to face death—nobody doubted the courage of the chieftain's daughter. Why then should she go down into the thundering waters and die a cruel death for an old error? His thoughts, anxieties, and wishes were visibly expressed in the quivering of his lips. He felt impelled to shout: “Come my friends, let us lift the noble maiden out of the canoe of death and let us carry her home in triumph.”

She threw one more glance of farewell toward her people, and reading the



anxious hopes in the face of her dear father, smiling sadly shook her head. One quick pull of her graceful hand untied the rope and her light canoe flew over the turbid waters, more and more swiftly approaching the precipice. There she stood upright, guiding fearlessly her little boat through the tumult of the wild waves, straight toward the middle of the great Horse-shoe Falls.

Her father stood aghast. All the life of his soul seemed to wither away in one terrible moment. No cry came from his lips, but his eyes looked glassy and terror-stricken. With one bound he leaped into his little canoe which stood near by where the Elbow departs from the main river, and before his people could comprehend the purpose of his actions he had cut the

rope and pushed the canoe powerfully with his paddle out into the wild rapids. There he glided along beyond any possibility of rescue, down, down, swifter and swifter—and now he sank into the gorge on the same spot where his daughter had disappeared among the clouds of white foam, surrounded by the glorious halo of the rainbow.

This was the last sacrifice of the Oniahgahrah Indians.



THE TUSCARORA INDIANS.



THE RED man has been swept away by the irresistible wave of white settlers, but there is an Indian reservation left near Niagara Falls. Its territory, several thousand acres, belongs to a small tribe who call themselves the Tuscaroras, and the Tuscaroras boast of being the only descendants that are left of the Oniahgahrahs.

This is not the place to tell their fortunes. They lived for some time after the death of chief Eagle Eye and his daughter Lelawala at Niagara Falls, then they dwelt on the banks of

the Oswego, and after many adventures settled again in the neighborhood of Niagara Falls, where the United States government confirmed the title to their lands. They are Christians, belonging partly to the Baptist, and partly to the Presbyterian churches.

Some of the Oniahgahrahs believed that Lelawala and her father continued to live below the rocks in a crystalline grotto built by the rushing waters. They called her the Maid of the Mist, and him the Ruler of the Cataract. But they feared them not, for both were said to be good spirits. He is stern and strong, but she is mild and sweet. Their home is in the unfathomable depths of the Horseshoe Falls, but on moonlight nights they visit the Three Sister Islands or the Cave of the Winds and their figures

may be seen hovering over the rapids or round that beautiful white sheet of water called the Bridal Veil.

If you, gentle reader, should ever visit Niagara Falls, you may see the Ruler of the Cataract, or you may



see the Maid of the Mist, according as your spiritual eye be open either to the powerful grandeur or to the chaste beauty of the scenery. If you are favored by a happy idiosyncrasy of mind you may discover the forms of both, and then you will see as in

a mirror the tremendous sublimity of the universe out of which the human soul builds its highest intellectual and moral ideals. Ever fleeting, ever changing, and overwhelmingly awful is the irresistible force of this apparent chaos; but wonderfully delicate and at the same time majestic is the repose of the spiritual life that appears rainbow-colored in this tremendous rush of matter in motion.

